A SUPPLEMENT TO THE COLLECTION OF *MISCELLANY POEMS* AGAINST Popery & Slavery.

Roma diu titubans, multis erroribus acta
Corruit ; & mundi desinit esse caput.

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A SUP-

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MISCELLANY POEMS.

A NEW

LITANY

FOR THE

Holy Time of *LENT.*

I.

FRom all the Women We have whor'd,
From being bound to keep Our Word,
From Civil Broils and Foreign Sword,
Libera nos Domine.

II.

From ſtore of Ships and want of Men,
From leaping into the Lyons Den,
From a *Dutch*-War, and *Burnet*'s Pen,
Libera nos, &c.

III.

From Bombs of *France*, and Bulls of *Rome*,
From being Hen-peck'd worse at Home,
From *Dorchester*'s insatiate Womb,
Libera nos, &c.

IV.

From Toleration and such Nonsence,
From granting Liberty of Conscience
To Hereticks, against their own Sense,
Libera nos, &c.

V.

From hopes we shall Dissenters bring
To Union with a Popish King,
And *P---n*, that manag'd the whole thing,
Libera nos, &c.

VI.

From standing of our Slaves in dread,
From being by the Priesthood led
From *English*-Limbs, to a *Roman*-Head,
Libera nos, &c.

VII.

From *Oxford*, faithful to his Trust,
From being to Our Promise Just,
From *Mul-----e*'s Pride to his Wife's Lust,
Libera nos, &c.

VIII.

From *Somerset* and haughty *Lory*,
That would Eclipse our *Roman* Glory,
And make a Jest of *Purgatory*,
Libera nos, &c.

IX.

From Parliaments that dare oppose,
And lead their Soveraign by the Nose,
And from the Sanguinary Laws,
Libera nos, &c.

X.

From such as will not do their best
To take off Penal-Laws and Test:
From *Stamford*, *Grey*, and all the rest,
Libera nos Domine.

XI.

We humbly do beseech thee Lord,
That we may Govern by the Sword,
And *Berwick* know no other Word,
Quæsimus te audire nos Dom.

XII.

That it may please while we do Reign,
Whatever Neighbour Rules the Main,
To make us great in our Campaign,
Quæsimus te, &c.

XIII:

That it may be enough for theſe,
While others Towns and Caſtles ſeize,
To Storm 'em here in Effigies,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XIV.

That they may feaſt and make a Noiſe,
And with their Volleys rend the Skies,
Againſt a flock of Butter-flys,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XV.

That it may pleaſe thee to repair
Lord *P—is*, who is in deſpair,
And furniſh *England* with an Heir,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XVI.

That it may be a Prince of *Wales*,
And if the Smock and *Dada* fails,
Adopt a Brat of *Neddy H—es*,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XVII.

That it may prove its Fathers Hope,
Reſtore the Nuncio and the Pope,
And ſave Old *Petre* from the Rope,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XVIII. That

XVIII.

That we with Members may be bleſs'd,
In ſuch a Parliament poſſeſs'd
As ſhall Annul the Bloody Teſt,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XIX.

That we have time before we dye
To ſettle Church and Popery,
That Father *Condon* may not fly,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XX.

Grant we never croſs the Main,
To be a General for *Spain*,
And never ſee *Breda* again,

Quæſimus te, &c.

THE

MIRACLE:

How the Dutcheſs of *Modena* (being in Heaven) pray'd the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady ſent the Angel *Gabriel* with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.

To the Tune of, *O Youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd at Nurſe. In* Bartholomew-Fair.

YOU Catholick States-men and Church-men (rejoyce,
And Praiſe Heavens Goodneſs with Heart and with (Voice;
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than ſhe,
Some ſay ſhe's as good as the beſt of the three.
Her Miracles bold,
Were Famous of Old,
But a braver than this is was never yet told;

'Tis

'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,
Had not heard on't before the laſt day of Thankſ-
(giving.

II.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena*'s Dutcheſs
Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel
(Clutches,
When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.
On her knees ſhe fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that Gods Mother would grant her
(one Boon;
Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange*'s Noſe out of Joynt.

III.

As ſoon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, ſhe ſtraight gave Com-
(miſſion;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her Shoulders
(Divine,
And charg'd him to haſten to *Englands* fair Queen.
Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the ſame,
And bid her for ever to praiſe my Great Name;

For I, in her favour, will work ſuch a Wonder,
Shall keep the moſt Inſolent Heretioks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my beſt Son) his part of the matter
Muſt be with this, Only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to viſit the Land;
And the Spirit of Love,
Shall come from above,
Tho' not as before, in the form of a Dove;
Yet down he ſhall come in ſome likeneſs or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mo-
(ther.

V.

The Meſſage with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was Q. *M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Diſſenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Biſhops, and Commons,
(Conſenters.)
You Commiſſioners all,
Eccleſiaſtical,
From *Mul—ve* the Dutiful, to *Ch—er* the Tall;
Pray Heaven to ſtrengthen Her Majeſties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

THE

THE COUNCIL.

To the Tune of, *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
In Council ſat,
To rigg out a Thankſgiving,
And make a Prayer,
For a thing in the Air,
That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *Eſt*,
As 'tis Expreſs'd,
In her late quaint Epiſtle,
Did to our Lady,
Bequeath the Baby,
With Coral, Bells and Whiſtle.

III. With

III.

With this intent, ſhe to her ſent
Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
That to conceive,
She might have leave;
And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale,
To the Prince of *Wales*,
Tho' ſome are of Opinion,
That when 'tis come out,
A Double Clout
Will cover his Dominion.

THE

THE

AUDIENCE.

THE Criticks that pretend to Senſe,
Do cavil at the Audience,
As if his Grace were not as good
To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
Did not our Fathers heretofore
Their ſenſleſs Deities adore?
Did not Old *Delphos* all along
Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
And wiſeſt Monarchs did importune,
From the dumb God to know their Fortune.
Did not the Speaking-Head of late
Of matters Learnedly Debate?
And rendred without Tongue or Ears
Wiſe anſwers to his whiſp'ring Peers?
And ſhall we to a living Prince
Deny the State of Audience?
What tho' the Bantling cannot ſpeak?
Yet like the Blockhead he may ſqueak;

Give

Give Audience by Interpreter;
The wiſeſt Prince can do no more.
Then enter with a Princes Banner
Sir *Charles*, after the uſual manner.
Great Sir, *His Holineſs from* Rome,
Greets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum.
The Conſecrated Pilch and Clout,
If you'll vouchſafe to hear me out,
And many other Toys I'm come
To lay them to your Sacred Bum.
So young, yet ſuch a Godlike Ray!
Phœbus, your *Dad*, was Prieſt *D——a*,
Great Prince, I have no more to ſay.
Conducted next there comes, *Great Sir*,
An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
To gratulate your lucky fate,
That gives to *Englands* Throne new date;
We joy that any thing ſhould Reign,
To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
The Youth, to ſee them thus beguil'd,
In token of his favour, ſmil'd.
But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright.
As ſhamm'd again in *Eighty Eight*.

Next,

Next, having paſs'd the inward Centry,
The doubtful *Monſieur* makes his entry.
The King, *my Maſter*, Sir, has ſent
Your *Royal Birth* to complement;
If you will make it but appear,
That you are *Englands* lawful Heir.
Here Lady *P—is* took him ſhort,
Have you a King? *Thank* Maz'rine *for't.*
Fr.man] *Whoe'r the Father was*, *the Mother*
Was *France's* Queen (*P—is*) Who *queſtions t'other?*
At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purſe,
And parting made his Peace with Nurſe.
The *Dane*, the *Suede*, with other Nations,
Come in with loud Congratulations.
Upon the *Suede* ſo fam'd for Battle,
He caſt a frown, and ſhook his Rattle.
And for the *Dane*, who took the part
Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
This put him in a ſullen fit,
Nurſe ſcarce could dance him out of it.
When an Embaſſador from *Poland*
Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*,

He

He crying Suck'd, and Sucking cry'd,
When Lady Governeſs reply'd,
Peace, Prince, Peace, Prince, Peace, pretty Pri
And let the *States* have Audience.
Dutch-man.] *From* Holland *I am hither ſent,*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with ſpeed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice Four thouſand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, *when your* Sire *contracted.*
The name of *Holland* did affright,
And make th'young Hero ſcream outright.
But, *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The ſweet, ſweet Babe, beſhit himſelf.
Tyrconnel, who came o'r no leſs
Than to be made his Governeſs,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She ſuck'd his Noſe, and lick'd him clean.
Laſt came the Lady *Hales* from Play,
Mov'd by inſtinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
And poſted to the Queen away.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Womans patience vex'd?
Your Spurious Iſſue grow and thrive;
While mine are dead e're well alive.
If they ſurvive a nine days wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
And ſtreight accuſe my Chaſtity,
For your damn'd Inſufficiency:
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'er took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear he bends the knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;

Confu-

Confusedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.
I travell'd farther for your Love,
Than *Sheba*'s Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the South, 'tis said, did rome,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the diff'rence does arise,
Though equally we sought the Prize;
What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
But I soon found your Treasury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth:
Though I had caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.

J. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
As I have you, now hear me speak.
These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.
But, if you'll smooth your brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purſe,
Which was to me no trivial Curſe.
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me ſurprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration,
Aſtoniſhment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I ſee in all your frame,
Ought could create an amorous flame,
Or raiſe the leaſt Deſire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid ſuch Service as was due,
Worthy my ſelf, and worthy you:
Careſs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Eſtate
When ſoon I found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And firſt you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was ſtill obey'd:

Nor durſt I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took ſuch meaſures as you gave,
All day your Fool, all night your Slave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You ſtill reſolv'd your courſe to ſteer:
All that oppoſe you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Powers above.
Now ſeveral Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply:
To Mother Church you take Recourſe,
She tells you 'tmuſt be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.
When mounted to the place you ſought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your Proſpect ſtood
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood:
Which to your Proſpect gave offence,
And it muſt be remov'd from thence.
In this you alſo are obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.

Now you was quiet for a while,
As flattering Weather ſeems to ſmile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found freſh matter for your ſpite,
And ſet to Work your buſie Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wiſe, ſome Valiant, you remove,
'Cauſe they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their ſtead ſuch Creatures place
Which to th'Employments brings Diſgrace:
While whatſoe'r you do I own,
And ſtill the dirt on me is thrown.
Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;
A Goal-Delivery now muſt be,
All tender Conſciences ſet free;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Deſign
To make Diſſenters with us joyn,
To pull down Teſt and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cauſe.
The ſly Diſſenters laugh the while,
They ſee where lurks the Serpents guile;

And rarher than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Proteſtant Cauſe,
We did confine, though 'gainſt the Laws:
But ſoon was glad to ſet 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upſide down,
Loud Murmuring's in every Town;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets againſt us come:
The Proteſtants do laugh the while,
And the Diſſenters ſneer and ſmile;
But no aſſiſtance either ſends;
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what muſt be done,
Conſult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind beſure they come.

THE

THE

States-Man's ALMANACK:

Being an Excellent New BALLAD, in which the Qualities of each Month are conſider'd; whereby it appears, that a *Parliament* cannot meet in any of the Old Months: With a Propoſal for mending the *Kalendar*, humbly offered to the Packers of the next *Parliament.*

To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw*, &c.

PROLOGUE.

I.

THE Talk up and down,
In Country and Town,
Has been long of Parliaments Sitting:

But we'll make it clear,
Ne'r a Month in the Year,
Is proper for ſuch a Meeting.

II.

The Judges declare it,
The Miniſters ſwear it,
And the Town as a Tale receives it:
Let them ſay what they can,
There's never a Man,
Except God's Vicegerent, believes it.

III.

If the Criticks in ſpight,
Our Arguments ſlight;
And think 'em too light for the Maſter:
It has often been known,
That Men on a Throne,
Has Harrang'd the whole Realm with no better.

IV.

For in times of Old,
When Kings were leſs bold,
And made for their faults Excuſes;
Such Topicks as theſe,
The Commons to pleaſe,
Did ſerve for moſt Excellent Uſes.

V. Either

V.

Either *Chriſtmas* came on,
Or Harveſt begun,
And all muſt repair to their Station:
'Tas too Dry, or too Wet,
For the Houſes to Sit,
And Hey for a Prorogation.

VI.

Then, Sir, if you pleaſe,
With ſuch Reaſons as theſe,
Let's ſee how each Moon is appointed:
For tho it be ſtrange,
In all her Change,
She Favours not God's Anointed.

The *ALMANACK.*

January. I.

THE firſt is too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Since Southern Climates Improve it:
And therefore in Froſt,
'Tis Odds but it's loſt,
If they offer to remove it.

February. II.

The next do's betide,
(Tho then the King dy'd)
Ill luck, and they must not be tampring:
For had not Providence quick,
Cool'd his Head i'th' Nick,
'Fore God they were all a scampring.

March. III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
Has an Omen with some;
But the sleeping Wind then Rouzes;
And trust not the crowd,
When Storms are so loud,
Lest their Breath infect the Houses.

April. IV.

In this by Mishap,
Southask had a Clap,
Which pepper'd our Gracious Master:
And therefore i'th' Spring,
He must Physick his Thing,
And venture no new Disaster.

May. V.

This Month is too good,
And too lusty his Blood,

To

To be for Buſineſs at leiſure,
With his Confeſſors leave,
Honeſt *Bridget* may give,
The Fumbler Royal his Pleaſure.

June. VI.

The Brains of the State,
Have been too hot of late,
They have manag'd all Buſineſs in rapture:
And to call us in *June*,
Is much to the ſame Tune,
Being mad to the end of the Chapter.

July. VII.

This Seaſon was made
For Camp and Parade,
Where with the Expence of his Treaſures;
Of much Sweat and Pains,
Diſcreetly he Trains,
Such Men, as will break all his Meaſures.

Auguſt. VIII.

This Month did advance
Our Projects in *France*,

As *Bartholomew* Remembers;
But alas they want force,
To take the ſame Courſe,
With our Heretical Members.

September. IX.

They cannot now meet,
For the Progreſs was ſet,
But they find it a ſcurvy Faſhion:
To ride, and to ride,
To be ſnubb'd and deny'd,
By every good man in the Nation.

October. X.

Now Hunting comes in,
That Licenſe for Sin,
That do's with a Cloak befriend him,
For if the Queen knows,
What at *Graham*'s he do's,
His Divine Right can hardly defend him.

November. XI.

November might do,
For ought that we know:

But that the King promis'd by chance Sirs,
And his Word before,
Was pawn'd for much more,
Than e're 'twill be able to Anſwer.

December. XII.

The laſt of the year,
Reſemblance does bear,
To their hopes and fortune declining:
Ne'r hope for ſucceſs,
Day grows leſs and leſs,
And the Sun once ſo high has done ſhining.

EPILOGUE.

I.

You Gypſies of *Rome*,
That run up and down,
And with Miracles people Cozen:
By the help of ſome Saint,
Get the Month that you want,
And make Thirteen of the Dozen.

II.

You ſee the Old year,
Wont help ye, 'tis clear,
And therefore to ſave your Honour;
Get a new Sun and Moon,
And the Work is half done,
And Faith I think not ſooner.

THE

THE

ORANGE.

I.

GOOD people I pray,
Throw the Orange away,
'Tis a very ſowre Fruit, and was firſt brought in (play,
When good *Judith Wilk*,
In her Pocket brought Milk,
And with Cuſhings and Warming-pans labour'd to (bilk
This ſame Orange.

II.

When the Army retreats,
And the Parliament ſits,
To Vote our K— the true uſe of his Wits:
'Twill be a ſad means,
When all he obtains,
Is to have his Calves-head dreſs'd with other mens (Brains,
And an Orange.

III. The

III.

The sins of his Youth,
Made him think of one Truth,
When he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice at (the mouth,
That your fresh sort of Food,
Does his Carcass more good,
And the damn'd thing that Cur'd his putrify'd blood
Was an Orange.

IV.

This hopeful young Son,
Is surely his own,
Because from an O—— it cry'd to be gone;
But the Hereticks say,
He was got by *Da*———
For neither K— nor the Nuncio dare stay
Near an Orange.

V.

Since *Lewis* was Cut,
From his Breech to the Gut,
France fancies an Open-arse delicate Fruit;
We wiser than so,
Have two strings to our Bow,
For we've a good Q—— that's an Open-arse too,
And an Orange.

VI. Till

VI.

Till *Nanny* Writ much,
To the Rebels the D—
Her Mother, good Woman, ne're ow'd her a grutch,
And the Box of the Ear,
Made the matter appear,
That the only foul ſavour the Q--- could not bear
Was an Orange.

VII.

An honeſt Old Peer,
That forſook God laſt year,
Pull'd off all his Plaiſters, and Arm'd for the War;
But his Arms would not do,
And his Aches throbb'd too,
That he wiſh'd his own Pox and his M----s too
On an Orange.

VIII.

Old Tyburn muſt groan,
For *Jeffreys* is known
To have Perjur'd his Conſcience to marry his Son;
And *D----s* Cauſe
Will be try'd by Juſt Laws,
And *Herbert* muſt taſte a moſt damnable Sauce,
With an Orange.

IX.

Lob, *Pen*, and a ſcore
Of thoſe Honeſt men more,
Will find this ſame Orange exceedingly ſowre;
The Q----- to be ſeiz'd,
Will be very ill pleas'd,
And ſo will K---- Pippin, too dry to be ſqueez'd
By an Orange.

An

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. Dryden.

DRYDEN, thy Wit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero, Lero,* is the only Song.
What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff, and ſet off our goodly Farce of State?
Not *Albevil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till firſt well warm'd with Biſhop *Talgol*'s Jigg.
W—m cannot ſleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream ſome Old *Treſſilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e'er ſeen the like, in Proſe or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Father *Petre*?
At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, miſhapen to the *Mac's*.

Such Plot, and the Cataſtrophe is ſuch,
We muſt be either *Iriſh* all, or *Dutch*.
Our very Judges in *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
Like their Old Roof, were *Iriſh* Timber all.
And (bleſs us!) *Iriſh* Wolves are brought to keep
The Nation, grown now all ſuch ſilly Sheep;
Such errant Aſſes, errant Cattle made,
Or to be yok'd, or ſaddl'd, fleec'd, or flea'd.
O Martyrs Son! thy deſtiny is ſhown,
Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
By Heaven deny'd, did Hell's black Powers engage;
Yet ſped the Heroe: *Jove* and Fate were ſtrong;
Religious care: He took his Gods along:
But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
And ſhakes afar the *French* and *Britiſh* Shoars:
One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
Lord! what they tell us of ſome Prince from *Frize*;
Arms, and the Man they ſing, no *French* fineſs,
But hearty Blows, and *Brandenburg* Addreſs.
Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen,
We riſe, and walk, all true erected men.

The force of thoſe *Circæan* Cups ſubdu'd,
And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
And grubs the baſe pretenders to his ſtock.
But oh, what Spirit of Deceit afar,
Poſſeſs'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar?
What Bane, what Miſchief on poor Mortals ſhed
By Vermin, from the Laws corruption bred?
Tho to their *Iriſh* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
Below what ſtriſe and endleſs toyls they weave:
Wanting brave Strength to ſtrangle men to death,
What Frauds they hide! What Venom underneath!
And when ſome ſhorter courſe to Murder's ſhown,
Cry, O that (luſcious) Point they gain'd the Crown.
Sons of the Pulpit the ſame meaſures keep,
And of that ſame ſtumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
Agog for ſome odd tranſubſtantiate thing,
Chimera reign, or Metaphyſick King,
Sublim'd to School Divinity extreams,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams;
So high from ſolid honeſt wiſdom blown,
They'd have ſome *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne.

Not Law-ordain'd, but by ſome God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but be Prieſt-anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Prieſtcraft-Prince;
Give us a King, Divine, by Law and Senſe.

Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a ſport,
Their Cauſe is carried to the laſt Effort.
Princes in more compendious method teach,
Force is their way; let Old Apoſtles Preach.
What's ſtabliſh'd Law, where ſtanding Armies come;
Or who'll talk Goſpel to a Kettle-Drum?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppreſs,
The ſeveral Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly violence broke,
So people freed from triple *Geryon*'s yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna*-Lough that bred,
That loll'd and hiſs'd to death, at every head,
Nemæan Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
All by his Godlike Proweſs done away,
Their lawleſs rule, and that Gigantick ſway.

In vain whilſt this high Virtue Nations ſought,
The *Naſſau*-Houſe were never yet without.

Nor

Nor is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
Their generous *labour* neighboring *Kingdoms* ſhare.
Here the foul Herd flee from his lifted hand,
That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
The Monſter of the Lough, new *Lerna*-Plague
(But ſcarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague*,
The ravenous kind, the Harpyes ſharp for prey,
With Birds obſcene, and uncouth to the day.
No Den, no Ditch, no rouſting for 'em more,
Now, now is come our *Hercules* aſhore.
Vile Fraud diſpell'd, and ſuperſtitious Miſts:
He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Prieſts.
Then warmer *W—op*, in due Scarlet ſhown,
To Coffee-*Dick* bequeaths his ruſty Gown.
Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-ſhoulders ſhine;
How wou'dſt thou all our Maids of honour fright,
With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a Night?
Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
No miracle to Forty thouſand men.
When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
Why then, the marvel that a Poet ſins?

A

SALE

Of old State Houſhold-Stuff.

To the Tune of, *Old* Simon *the King.*

I.

THE Government being reſolv'd
To new furniſh the Houſe of State,
Hath thought fitting to put off the old,
That was ruſty and worn out of date.
Then come all you State-Brokers away,
And take off our old faſhion'd trinkoms,
You for a ſmall matter may buy
What coſt the price of three Kingdoms.
Quoth J—my the Bigotted K—
Quoth J—my the Politick thing,
With a thred-bare Oath,
And a Catholick Troth,
That never was worth a farthing.

II. Here's

II.

Here's (what was to cleanſe Church and State)
The Beeſom of Reformation,
Brought in by *Henry* the Eighth,
And *Beſſes* grave Convocation.
Here are diverſe Conformity Acts,
The Penal Laws and all,
With a parcel of over-rul'd Statutes
Kick'd out of *Weſtminſter-Hall.*
Quoth J—my, &c.

III.

Come buy the old Tapiſtry Hangings,
Which hung in the Houſe of Lords,
That kept the *Spaniſh* Invaſion,
And Powder-plot, on Record.
A muſty old *Magna Charta*,
That wants new ſcowring and cleanſing,
Writ ſo long ſince, and ſo dark too,
That 'tis hard to pick out the meaning.
Quoth J— my, &c.

IV.

Here's a Pack of naſty Court Cards,
Much foul'd with over playing,
Condemn'd to the Fields of *Tom* T——d,
For they never were worth the buying.

A pitiful tatter'd *Scotch* League,
Swallow'd meerly to trepan men,
Took by the late King in Intrigue,
And afterwards burnt by the Hangman.
Quoth J.—my, &c.

V.

Three Protestant Vizors much worn,
And in use since the days of Queen *Bess*,
Which now we have laid by with scorn,
Being resolv'd to appear with bare face.
Come buy a thing brought from *Breda*,
Call'd a Royal Declaration,
Which of late we have copied at large,
Having promis'd to keep up the fashion
Of Old Simon *the King*,
Quoth J—my, &c.

VI.

A parcel of *Conge d' esliers*,
By Heretick Bishops own'd,
The reward of the old Cavaliers,
For their Loyalty to the Crown.
Here's your Corporation Charters,
And University Regulations,

For

For all which as cheap you may barter,
As Cucumbers in the Vacation.
Quoth J——my, &c.

VII.

Here's a Crew of Excluſion Abhorrers,
And a litter of Loyal Addreſſors,
Who'd have run to the Devil for us,
When they bully'd for Popiſh Succeſſors.
But now they are down in the mouth,
Their Damning and Healthing forſakes 'em,
If you think them not a penny-worth
For fetching, the Devil may take 'em.
Quoth J——my, &c.

VIII.

Here's a Tribe of mad Pulpiteers,
That ſtill for Right Line were trimming,
We'll exchange 'em for Bandileers,
And leave them to *Urim* and *Thummim*.
Here's a Cart Load of Obſervators,
That were Writ in Defence of the Church,
By *Hodge* that Eternal Prater,
Whoſe Quill is now left in the lurch.
Quoth J——my, &c.

Will

Will you buy any Proteſtant Places,
In Army, or where you think beſt Sir?
Thoſe that think to keep them are Aſſes,
When once we are rid of the Teſt Sir.
And thus I will end my Sale,
With a Bar to either Houſe,
If we get but over it well,
For the reſt I care not a Lowſe.
Quoth J———my, &c.

THE

THE

DREAM.

WEary'd with Buſineſs, and with Cares oppreſt,
My faculties were Doz'd and fond of reſt,
An unuſual heavineſs did on me creep,
My Soul Indulg'd it: yet I could not ſleep.
Dreams ſhort and frightful vext me all the Night,
I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
The firſt ſuch Wonders brought within my view,
And when I wak'd I almoſt thought 'em true.
Methought I ſaw great *Julius* ſadly lye
Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by
The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
With *Meager Caſſius* pleas'd with what he had done,
Crying, The World and *Brutus* are my own.
I nearer drew to view the Gaſtly Trunk,
But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæſar* was ſunk,

'Twas

'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd there,
The Sacrificing-Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Caſſius*, *T---k* and *Petre* were.
Charles Weeping, graſp'd his Brother by the hand,
I heard him ſighing ſay, within my Land
A faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
Who in the utmoſt of Extremity,
When all but her and much Upbraided, I
Wou'd from the Crown have quite Excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy Baniſhment maintain thy Cauſe,
Paſſive Obedience thee haſt much in ſtore,
But do not urge it to thy utmoſt Power:
James to preſerve Her moſt devoutly Swore;
Charles dy'd, & *James* diſcharg'd his Oath next hour,
I ſaw the Prieſts flock in: the Biſhops out,
Saw *Peters* cram the Wafers down his Throat,
Tho' Dead, it ſav'd the Heretick no doubt.
I ſaw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
A wretched Train, and a more wretched Sight;
To me it ſeem'd a Funeral in Diſguiſe,
For fear his Creditors ſhou'd his Body Seize.

I ſaw him ſhewn for two *pence* in a Cheſt,
Like *Monk*, Old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the reſt,
And if the Figure anſwer'd its intent,
In Ten years time 'twould buy a Monument.
My fancy brought me back again to Court,
Where only Fools Adviſe, and Knaves Reſort,
Our Kingdoms Curſe, and other Nations Sport:
I heard the *Jeſuits* in a grand Cabal,
Reſolve to Root out *Hereſie* or fall,
Each his particular Opinion gave,
They cry'd an opportunity we have
To Fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.
Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to ſuppreſs it by a forward Fool,
A Bawling Blund'ring ſenſeleſs Tool;
Whoſe Mouthing at *White-Chappel* firſt began,
Who regularly to his Greatneſs ran
Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
And now Uſurps the Court of Equity:
He ſaid, If you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
Erect a Court-Commiſſion from the Crown,
And for Diſpencing Law let me alone,
They hugg'd their Bubble, and the deed was done.

Petre

Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*
Cancker'd the Worthy *Univerſities*,
TheSeats of LearningBlack-heads might command,
Yet the Kings Promiſe to the Church doth ſtand.
Next, *Liberty of Conſcience* was Ordain'd;
The Biſhops for Contempt were then Arraign'd;
The Nobles and the Commons Cloſetted,
The *Penal Laws* muſt be Aboliſhed:
If you refuſe, your Principles are baſe,
Diſloyal, and you loſe our Royal Grace,
And each that has Dependencies his place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* ſtarv'd,
Each that forſook his God, his Monarch ſerv'd:
Somerſet loſt his Troops, and *Shrowsbury*,
Oxford was ſtripp'd to *Scarſdal Lumbley*;
And many more too tedious to relate,
By whom in ſafety, *James*, thou now doſt ſit.
When thou perceiv'dſt no comfort from this Wild,
Thy Dame, immediately was quick with Child,
The Princeſs at the *Bath* when it was Born,
The Biſhops in the *Tower*, yet had he ſworn
The *Church of England* never ſhould be wrong'd,
Upon this News the Hot-brain'd Papiſts Throng'd;

I Wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
My reaſonable Notions thus projected:
O King, I cry'd, thy Meaſures run too faſt,
And thou wilt find the curſe of it at laſt;
Why doſt thou wrong thy Country, ſhame thy life,
To pleaſe falſe Prieſts, and an ungrateful Wife:
A Wife, whoſe Character has always been
A Fawning Dutcheſs, and a Sawcy Queen.
How canſt thou ſuffer *Petre's* Inſolence,
Who only makes a harveſt of his Prince.
A Slave, to Rule Three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
Yet ne're was Maſter of a Family:
This Serpent envying thy Happineſs,
Has crept into thy *Eve*, whoſe willfulneſs
Has certainly betray'd thy Paradiſe;
Diſcerning *Hallifax* thy fall foreſaw,
And early did his ſlighted Faith withdraw;
He needs no pardon for the advice he gave,
Which ſhews him honeſter than ſome that have.
Under the Roſe Men uſe their mind to tell,
But now *Myne-Heir* 'tis under the Broad Seal;
O *Naſſaw*, with thy promis'd Succours come,
And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:

Thy

Thy Wife ſhall young *Octavia's* place ſupply,
And thoſe that have betray'd our Country fly,
Unleſs the King to prove the Prince his own,
Shall to the Lyons-Den preſent his Son,
And if the Royal Brute do not deſtroy,
The Infant, by Chriſt 'tis his none Joy.

THE

THE

PARADOX

ON THE

Confinement of the LORDS.

LET Cynicks bark, and the ſtern Stagyrite
At *Epitures* Precepts vent his ſpite;
Let Church-men Preach their Thred-bare Paradox,
Paſſive Obedience to their bleeding Flocks.
Let Stoicks boaſt of a contented mind,
The unknown pleaſures of a Life confin'd;
That in Impriſonment the Soul is free,
Grant me (ye Gods) but Eaſe and Liberty.
That there is Pleaſure in a dirty Road,
A tir'd Horſe that ſinks beneath his Load,
No Money, and an old inveterate Pox;
This I'll believe without a Paradox.
But to affirm 'twas the Diſpencing Power,
That did Decree the Prelates to the Tower;

And ſuch Confinements for the Propagation
Of the true Doctrine of the Reformation.

That to remove the Candleſticks from ſight
Is to enlarge the Goſpel and the Light;
And the Seven Angels are in Tribulation,
To Guard the Church from Pagan Invocation.

To ſay this is the keeping of our Word,
The only way we have to be ſecur'd;
Supporting of the *Engliſh* Church and Cauſe,
In all its Priviledges, Rights and Laws.

Pardon my Faith, for ſooner I'll believe
The Subtile Serpent was deceiv'd by *Eve*;
Rome ſhall with Hereticks her promiſe keep,
And Ravenous Wolves Protect the ſtraggling Sheep.

That *P—is* ſhall be mild and moderate,
Not out of meer regard to his Eſtate;
And for a Hopeful Heir Invoke the Saints,
Out of his tender love to Proteſtants.

That Father *Petres* Counſel ſhall prevail,
To quit their guiltleſs Lordſhips without Bail;
And *Gilford* beg i'th' name of the Young Prince,
Diſpencing *James* may with their minds diſpence.

I will believe *D—ham* ſhall Bail His Grace,
And *C—ſter* ſhall with *Ch——ſter* change place;
And *H—ford* when made a Cardinal,
Shall Write a Learn'd Apology for all.

That for Old *Ely*, *Briſtol*, *Bath* and *Wells*,
The Jeſuits would pawn their Beads and Bells;
For *Lloyd* and *Peterborough* to be Bail,
Good *Rocheſter* would lye himſelf in Gaol.

That the Lord Chancellour ſhall quit the Purſe,
For their reſpective Fines to Reimburſe;
Or that the Judges ſhould not all Conſpire
To find them guilty of a Preminire.

That *Pemberton* ſhall at the Bench prevail,
And *Allibone* ſhall Plead to be their Bail;
Or *H—fax*, that lyes upon the Lurch;
Who left the Charter ſhall reſtore the Church.

That ſhe, who lately lookt into her Choice,
The Witty Author of the Brace of Mice,
Shall baffle the Old Panther in her Race,
And Crown her Husband with the Lawrels Bays.

All this I freely could believe and more,
But that the Lords are Bail'd out of the Tower,

Out of Reſpect to be ſent back again,
For breach of Laws they ſworn are to maintain.
That they have guilt of Diſobedience,
In this you muſt excuſe my Diffidence,
Who plac'd upon the Monarchs Head the Crown,
Props of the Church, and Pillars of the Throne.

THE PROPHESIE.

WHen the K. leaves of *S--ly*, and holds to the (Queen,
And *B—wick* has fought as many Battles as he's (ſeen,
Then *Cl——ford* ſhall look like a Laſs of fifteen,
And Popery out of this Nation ſhall run.

When *M--grave* ſhall leave off his Luſt and his (Pride,
And *C---wall* his Pimp, which none but his breed,
Then *Mazarines* Letchery ſhall be deny'd.
And Popery, &c.

When *B——ly* the Cynick leaves being Satyrick,
And of his Wifes Vertue writes a large Panagerick,
Then

Then his Manners ſhall fight for his good Natures (Merit,
And Popery, &c.

When *R*—*laugh* gives up his 12 *s.* i'th' Pound,
And the Army does *B*—*waits* Generoſity ſound,
Then *D*--*ver* refuſing of Bribes ſhall be found;
And Popery, &c.

When *G*----*phin* his Conſcience ſhall fly in's face,
And rather than Vote 'gainſt the Teſt leave's place,
And *S*—*land* likewiſe ſhall have no more Grace;
And Popery, &c.

When *C*— and *D*— for Religion dye Martyrs,
And *C*—— refuſes to be Knight of the Garter,
Then the Country no longer ſhall the Dragoons (Quarter;
And Popery, &c.

When the K. from the Word he hath given does (ſwerve,
And the Judges the Oath they have taken obſerve,
Or for breaking have but what they deſerve;
And Popery, &c.

When Archbiſhop of *York* we ſee Dr. *Ken*,
And *Compton* made Biſhop of *London* agen,
And *Herbert* Rule, as before, on the Main;
And Popery, &c.

When *N*--*folk* grows Rich, and *P*—*is* grows poor,

When *N*—*port* is humble, and *S*—*cer* demure,
When the Town can love one, & the other endure;
And Popery, &c.

When *T*— —*l*'s turn'd out, and an *Ormond* put in,
When the Groom of the Stool thinks declaring a Sin,
Then *Oxford* shall have his Regiment agen;
And Popery, &c.

When the P— of *Denmark* leaves *W*—direction,
And is suff'red to bring what she breeds to perfection,
And a Parliament's call'd by a legal Election;
And Popery, &c.

When *Feversham*'s Conduct a Souldier shall prove him,
And the Chancellour beggs that the King would remove him,
Oh, then we shall see how the People will love him;
And Popery, &c.

When *Petres* and *P*—— Council shall fail,
And if what the Q goes with shou'd prove a Female,
Lord! How wou'd the Romish Religion prevail,
That out of this Nation it might not turn.

An

An Excellent New BALLAD, call'd, *The Prince of Darkneſs*; ſhewing how three Nations may be ſet on Fire by a *Warming-Pan.*

AS I went by St. *James*'s I heard a Bird ſing,
Of certain, the Q— has a Boy in the Spring,
But one of the Chair-men did laugh and did ſay,
It was born over Night, and brought forth the next (day;
This Bantling was heard at St. *James*'s to ſquaul,
Which made the Q make ſo much haſte from *White-Hall.*
Peace, Peace, little Maſter, and hold up thy head,
Here's Money bid for thee, the true Mother ſaid;
But no body knows from what Pariſh it came,
And that is the reaſon it has not a Name.
Good Catholicks all were afraid it was dying,
There was ſuch abundance of ſighing and crying;
Which is a good Token by which we may ſwear,
It is the Q— s own, and the Kingdoms right Heir.

Now if we ſhould happen to have a true Lad,
From the loins of ſo wholſom a Mother and Dad,
'Twere hard to determine which Blood were the (beſt,
That of *Southask*, or the Baſtard of *Eſt*;
But now we have cauſe for Thankſgiving indeed,
There was no other way for mending the Breed.

Over the Lord D---rs *Door.*

UNhappier Age who e're ſaw,
When Truth doth go for Treaſon;
Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
And Coxcombs Senſe for Reaſon.
Religion's made a Bawd of State,
To ſerve the Pimps and Panders,
Our Liberty a Priſon Gate,
And *Iriſhmen* Commanders.
O Wretched is our Fate!
What Dangers do we run,
We muſt be Wicked to be Great,
And to be Juſt, undone.

'Tis

'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation Great;
To *Iriſhmen* he truſts the Sword,
To *Jeſuits* the State.

Over the Lord S[alisbu]rys *Door.*

IF *Cecil* the Wiſe,
From his Grave ſhould ariſe,
And look the fat Beaſt in the Face.
He'd take him from Maſs,
And turn him to Graſs,
And ſwear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'M come my future Fate to ſeek,
Speak then, Cœleſtial Block-head ſpeak.

Anſwer.

Had'ſt thou not conſulted with the Witch at (*Rome*,
Thou need'ſt not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come
To ſeek out (Brother Solid-head) thy Doom
The Hearts of all thy Friends are loſt and gone;

Gazing

Gazing they ſtand,& grieving round thy Throne,
And ſcarce believe thou art the Martyrs Son.

Thoſe,whom thou favoureſt,merit not thyGrace,
They, to their Intereſt, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in Sorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud ; Why ſhould'd thou Monarch, (why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye ?

The Ghoſt.

A Papiſt dy'd, as 'twas *Jehovah*'s Will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to (Hell!
Where, when he did arrive, juſt at the Entry,
He found a Maſtive Devil ſtanding Centry,
With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Muſqueteer with a great Cloven Foot :
And who goes there ? I, a poor Papiſt Ghoſt,
That's come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coaſt.
Stay where you are, and do not preſs ſo hard,
For I muſt call the Captain of the Guard ;

He

He gave me Orders to let none come in,
But only ſuch as ſhould have leave from him.
The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth,
A Devil, of Integrity and Worth;
Who all in Nobleſt Scarlet being dreſs'd,
With a moſt delicate fine Embroider'd Veſt,
He asks the Ghoſt, with a great Voice, as loud
As mighty Thunder, breaking from a Cloud,
What was the bus'neſs? Sir, I am come to dwell
If you will pleaſe to give me leave, in Hell.
Damn you, you whorſon Dog, ſaid he to him,
I love my Maſter, and you ſhan't come in;
For if above you eat your God, I fear,
Should you come in, you'd eat the Devil here.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addreſſor, *and a Blunt* Whiggiſh Clown.

UNgrateful Wretch! Can'ſt thou pretend a (Cauſe,
To fear the loſs of Liberty and Laws?
Has not the King been at a vaſt Expence,
To raiſe the Gallant Troops in thy Defence?

Did

Did he not promiſe in a Proclamation,
To rule by Law at's Coronation?

Clown. But has he not already damn'd the Teſt?
And ſure that Princes Word is but a jeſt,
Who Rules an Army, and Obeys a Prieſt:
Nor can his Solemn Oath make us much ſafer;
His Sword is Steel, his God is but a Wafer.

A New SONG of the Misfortunes of an Old Whore and her Brats.

I.

THO' the Old Hag of *Rome*,
Has bewitch'd us all Dumb,
She can Tongue-tye our Muſes no longer;
We now ſpue out her Charms,
And ſing the brave Arms
Of Great *Orange* and *Scomberg*, ding-dong Sir.

II. If

II.

If we open'd our Lips,
Wooden Peep-holes and Whips
Was of late the mild Pennance enjoyn'd us;
Now Truth's no more Treaſon,
We eſteem it a ſeaſon
To be merry, and ſo you ſhall find us.

III.

Life-and-Fortune Addreſſes,
Shall not wear out our Preſſes,
To flatter and ſooth a *Juſt Nero*;
But loud Declarations,
To ſecure the three Nations
From the *French*, and from *Lilli-burlero*.

IV.

See how each Popiſh Gull,
Does look ſilly and dull,
O hone! *O hone*! all are Lamenting,
They've no Catholick Banter,
No wiſe *Hind* and *Panther*,
Nor any thing elſe worth the Printing.

V.

While we Hereticks do write,
Ay, and Print too in ſpite

Of the Devil, to revenge our late wrongs Sir;
And the Hawkers hoarſe Lungs,
With our Lampoons and Songs,
Make the Streets eccho all the day long Sir.

VI.

Now brave *Orange* advances,
What the fam'd League with *France* is,
We ſhall know to poor Catholicks ſorrow,
Stricken with Pannick Fears,
How the Whelps hang their Ears,
Pack up Relicks, and bid us good Morrow!

VII.

Father *Petre*, and others
Of his Politick Brothers,
(Who one would think ſhould have diſdain'd it)
Are on fire to be gone,
Tho they might every one,
If they'd ſtay here a little, be Sainted.

VIII.

Juſt like old Rats and Mice,
Theſe bold Vermine are Wiſe,
When they find a Houſe ready to tumble,
Away ſtrait they advance,
Bound for *Flanders* or *France*,
Adieu, Votre Serviteur humble.

IX. But

IX.

But pray what ſhall become,
O'th' young Kitlings of *Rome*,
I mean thoſe the Old Whore has Converted;
When they're grip'd by the Claws,
Of reviv'd Penal Laws,
And by all Ghoſtly Fathers deſerted.

X.

'Tis hard to leave the poor Elves,
Thus to ſhift for themſelves,
For unleſs you'd confirm'd the Babes better-a,
With your Cowardiſe tainted,
They'll e'ne grudge to be Sainted
With St. *Coleman*, St. *Whitebread*, &c.

XI.

So when Witches are taken
For enchanting Folks Bacon,
Cows, Horſes, or any ſuch thing Sir;
And the Hang-man once takes 'em,
Their Imps all forſake them,
And bequeath 'em to a tight Hempen-ſtring Sir.

XII.

Our great States-men and Judges,
The Jeſuits true Drudges,

To

To advance the Plots of Holy Church Sir;
Do make wretched Grimaces,
Losing Pensions and Places,
To a Parliament left in the lurch Sir.

XIII.

And the young Welshman's Sire,
Stuck like *Dun* in the Mire,
With revengeful Despair looks around him;
And then Curses the Crowd,
That with Suffrages loud,
Shouted (*Vive le Roy*) when they Crown'd him.

XIV.

He thinks 'tis an hard Fate,
Now to Capitulate,
And revoke his Indulg'd Dispensations;
To his Sons Terms to buckle,
To a Parliament truckle,
And Eat up his kind Declarations.

XV.

'Tis hard that dull Hereticks,
Still Suspicious of Tricks,
Can't believe the young Bantling's his Son Sir:
As if Priests cou'd n't Create,
At least Transubstantiate
Him a Boy, for an Heir to his Crown Sir.

XVI. Nay

XVI.

Nay renown'd Lords and Ladies,
A long Bead-row have made us,
With the Midwife and Learned Phyſicians;
Cannot all this convince,
That it is a *Welch* Prince,
Though we publiſh the plain Depoſitions?

XVII.

Well it ſeems (to be ſhort)
There's no Remedy for't,
Both his Gods and his Friends are retiring;
And his Army falls off,
While his Enemies ſcoff,
To ſee the Prince curb his aſpiring.

XVIII.

Have we not a Wiſe King,
To reſolve he would bring
All to *Rome*'s Lure, or elſe Sacrifice Sir,
Three Kingdoms to his Spleen,
And to th' Will of his Queen?
Did the World ever hear of a Wiſer?

XIX.

Without one ſturdy fight,
He's obliged to alight

From the Throne, which he envy'd his Brother,
And may like a poor Bigot,
Go embarque in a Frigat,
To ſee if he can find ſuch another.

XX.

Since theſe *Switzers* and *Dutchmen*,
Come to ſtand by our Church-men,
With hard grim Fellows from *Fin-land*,
The Old Politick Whore,
Now muſt never hope more,
To ſit brooding o're Plots here againſt *England*.

XXI.

Is't not Reaſon and Senſe,
If a King will Diſpenſe
With our Statutes, and with his own Word Sir,
To Decide the Juſt Cauſe
Of Religion and Laws,
With a Swinging Great *Proteſtant-Sword* Sir?

XXII.

The *French* Tyrant diſſembles,
And huffs, though he trembles,
We ſhall Viſit that Son of a Whore Sir;

If

If the Weather hold fair,
We'd fain take a *Tour* there,
As our Fathers did in Days of Yore Sir.

XXIII.

While the *Germans* before,
Pay him off his old ſcore,
For the Miſchief they've felt and do fear Sir,
With Pipe, Sword and Piſtol,
We ſhall Probe his old Fiſtule,
And charge the Dog home in the rear Sir.

A New SONG:

To the Tune of, *Couragio.*

I.

COme, come, great *Orange*, come away,
On thy *Auguſt* Voyagio,
The Church and State admit no ſtay,
And Proteſtants wou'd once more ſay
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

II.

Stand *Eaſt*, dear Wind, till they arrive,
On their deſign'd Voyagio,
And let each Noble Soul alive
Cry loud, *Qu'il Prince d' Aurange vive!*
Couragio, &c.

III.

Look ſharp, and ſee the Glorious Fleet,
Appear in their Voyagio!
With loud Huzza's we will them greet,
And with both Arms and Armies meet;
Couragio, &c.

IV.

Then, welcome to our *Engliſh* ſhore,
And now I will engage---o,
We'll thump the Babyloniſh Whore,
And kick her Trump'ries out of Door;
Couragio, &c.

V.

Poor *B---k!* how will thy *Dear Joys*,
Oppoſe this brave Voyagio?
Thy talleſt Sparks will be meer Toys,
To *Brandenburgh* and *Swediſh* Boys;
Couragio, &c.

VI.

D---n ſputters now like mad,
Againſt this great Voyagio;
Old *C---n* too in Sable's clad,
And *F---m* looks wondrous ſad:
Couragio, &c.

VII. But

VII.

But *Solmes* has took a Glorious Cauſe,
In this Warlike Voyagio,
To guard us from their ravenous Paws,
And to protect our Lives and Laws;
Couragio, &c.

VIII.

Naſſaw will ridicule the Fop,
By this *Belgic* Voyagio,
And make their gawdy Feathers drop;
Their Slaughter's but a Harveſt Crop:
Couragio, &c.

IX.

Stirum, advance the *Buda* Blades,
Thou'ſt brought in this Voyagio;
And, ſince thy Lawrel never fades,
Send our Foes to the *Stygian* Shades;
Couragio, &c.

X.

Scombergh thunders Heroe-like,
In this Stormy Voyagio;
His very Name does Horrour ſtrike,
And will ſlay more than Gun or Pike;
Couragio, &c.

XI.

Thus they the Victory will gain,
After their brave Voyagio;
And all our Liberties maintain,
And ſettle Church and State again:
Couragio, &c.

XII.

Then't will be Juſt, and no Extream,
To ſee by this Voyagio,
That *Wem* ſhou'd have th' Effect of's Dream,
For Driving headlong with the Stream;
Couragio, &c.

XIII.

The Judges too, that Traitors be,
Muſt truſs by this Voyagio,
'Twill be a Noble Sight to ſee,
Diſpencing Scarlet on a Tree!
Couragio, &c.

XIV.

The Monks away full ſwift will hye,
On their diſmal Voyagio;
Ten Pounds a Poſt-Horſe then they cry,
And all away to *Calis* fly;
Couragio, &c.

XV. *Sun-*

XV.

S——d has Shot the Pit,
And is on his Voyagio;
D'ada muſt no more hatching ſit,
And *Petre* too the Board muſt quit:
Couragio, &c.

XVI.

Old *Arundel* does hang his Ears,
Becauſe of this Voyagio;
And Miſer *Powis* ſtews in Tears;
Bellefis roars, and damns, and ſwears:
Couragio, &c.

XVII.

When all is done, we then ſhall hope
To ſee, by this Voyagio,
No more Nuncio, no more Pope,
Except it be to have a Rope;
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

A New SONG of an ORANGE.

To that Excellent Old Tune *Of a Pudding*

GOOD People come buy,
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Seaſon, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And ſweeten your Blood,
I'm ſure it will pleaſe you when once underſtood
'Tis an Orange.

Its Cordial Juice,
Does much Vigour produce,
I may well recommend it to every mans uſe;
Tho' ſome it quite chills,
And with fear almoſt kills,
Yet certain each honeſt Man benefit feels
by an Orange.

To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A Jolly good Health to paſs pleaſantly round;
But

But yet I'll proteſt,
Without any Jeſt,
No flavour is better than that of the taſt
Of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think,
At *White-H*—— they ſtink,
Becauſe that our Neighbours come over the Sea,
Yet ſure 'tis preſum'd,
That they may be perfum'd,
By the ſcent of a Clove, when once it is ſtuck
In an Orange.

If they'd cure the ails
Of the Pr— of *Wa*——
When the Milk of *Milch Tyler* does not well agree,
Tho he's ſubject to caſt,
They may better the taſt,
Yet let 'em take heed leſt it Curdle at laſt
With an Orange.

Old Stories rehearſe,
In Proſe and in Verſe,
How a *Welſh Child* was found by *loving of Cheeſe*,
So this will be known,
If it be the Q— s own,
For the taſt it utterly then will diſown
Of an Orange.

Tho'

Tho' the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Juſtice and Laws;
Yet in very good ſooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to ſtop a mans mouth
Than an Orange.

We are certainly told,
That by *Adam* of old,
Himſelf and his Bearns for an Apple was ſold;
And who knows but his Son,
By Serpents undone,
And his Juggling *Eve* may chance loſe her own
For an Orange.

A *New* SONG *on the Calling of a Free Parliament*, January 15*th*, 1688.

I.

A Parliament, with one conſent
Is all the cry oth' Nation,
Which now may be, ſince Popery
Is growing out of faſhion:

The

The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
The Oranges come Powring,
And all the Lords agree as one
To ſend the Papiſts ſcowring.

II.

The Holy Man ſhall lead the Van,
Our Father and Confeſſor;
In Robes of red the Jeſuit's fled,
Who was the chief Tranſgreſſor.
In this diſguiſe he thought to eſcape,
And hop'd to ſave his Bacon,
But *Herbert* he has laid a Trap,
The Rat may be Retaken.

III.

The Nuncio too, the day may rue
That he came o're the Ocean,
I'th' *Engliſh* Court, to keep's Reſort,
And teach his blind Devotion:
The Prelates, *Ellis*, *Smith*, and *Hall*,
Have ſold their Coach and Horſes,
And will no longer in *White-Hall*
Foment their Learn'd Diſcourſes.

IV.

The Groom o'th' Stool, that play'd the Fool,
Full ſorely will repent it,
And *S——land*, did barefoot ſtand
For Pennance, ſhall lament it.
M—ford and the *Scotch* are fled,
Whom hopes of Intereſt tempted;
Thoſe Lords did turn for want of Bread,
And ought to be Exempted.

V.

But *S—bury*, what cauſe had he
To fear his Highneſs Landing,
Who by his A—s and Legs might paſs
For one of underſtanding.
To take up Arms at ſuch a time,
Againſt the Rules were gave him;
His Head muſt anſwer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not ſave him.

VI.

The Fryers and Monks with all their Punks,
Are now upon the Scamper,
T——l Swears, and Rants and Tears,
And *Teague* does make a clamper.

The

The Foreign Prieſts that Poſted o're,
Into the *Engliſh* Nation,
Do now repent that on that Shore
They laid their weak Foundation.

VII.

'Twoud be a ſight 'twou'd move delight,
In each obdurate Varlet,
To ſee the Graves that made us Slaves,
Hang in Diſpencing Scarlet.
And every Popiſh Counſellour,
That for the ſame Cauſe Pleaded,
Shall all turn off at the ſame ſcore,
Be Hang'd or elſe Beheaded.

THE

STATE-HOLDER:

OR, THE

PRINCE's ALMANACK,

Calculated for the Meridian of London, *and Calling of a* Proteſtant Parliament; *being a Counterpart to the* State's-Man's Almanack. [vide p. 21.

PROLOGUE.

I.

THE Talk about went,
That a Free Parliament,
Should never more Sit in this Nation:

But

But I'll make it clear,
There's no Month in the year,
But is proper on this occaſion.

II.

Tho' ſome did deceive us,
You may now believe us,
Since the Royal Aſſent made his *Exit:*
Say what e're you can,
There's never a man,
Excepting Lord *Wem* that ſuſpects it.

III.

If the Graves of the Laws,
Our Topicks oppoſe,
We'll prove 'tis the Senſe of the Nation;
The readieſt way,
To make the Slaves pay,
For their Nibbling with Diſpenſation.

IV.

In times on Record,
When Kings kept their Word,
And people were in their Senſes:
So poor an Excuſe,
Was ſuch an Abuſe,
No Monarch e're made ſuch Pretences.

V.

The King is withdrawn,
The *Prince* come to Town,
The timely Redeemer o'th' Nation:
The Lords are all Set,
And the old Members met,
Then hey! for a Convocation.

VI.

For, tho' to our loss,
Things ever went cross,
Whilst *Petre* was chief Director:
There is not a Sun,
Or a Change in the Moon,
But favours our Great *Protector*.

The Almanack.

January. I.

THO the First be too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Yet fear not a Dissolution:
For tho it be Frost,
And the Jesuits crost,
It agrees with a *Dutch* Constitution.

Febru-

February. II.

Though next came a thing,
Brought Popery in,
With all the fine Relicks and Crosses:
Tho then the King dy'd,
We have One on our side,
This Month, will repair all our Losses.

March. III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
Will bring 'em all home,
The Authors of all our Evil;
This Month the Wind blows,
And the Breath of the House
Will send 'em all going to the Devil.

April. IV.

In this the Old Whore
Of *Babel* came o're,
Which was a sore Clap to the Nation;
And therefore i'th' Spring,
We must manage the thing,
To make a full Reformation.

May. V.

The Prince is too good,
And too near to the Blood,
To allow to the Houſe any leiſure;
The Lords and High Powers,
Muſt gather new Flowers,
To ſtock the Exhauſted Treaſure.

June. VI.

This Month brought in Griſt,
To the Hot-headed Prieſt,
Who over-rul'd the Ruler,
And therefore the Houſe,
By way of a Doze,
Muſt Sit to prepare 'em a Cooler.

July. VII.

This month of late made,
For Camp and Parade,
In which were exhauſted our Treaſures,
Will better be ſpent
By a Wiſe Parliament,
Enacting and making new Meaſures.

Auguſt. VIII.
This finiſhed a League,
With Monſieur and Teague,
For a total Extirpation
Of the Hereticks Cauſe:
And therefore the Houſe
Muſt ſit to Eſtabliſh the Nation.

September. IX.
The Colleges fool'd,
This month over-rul'd,
And therefore each Proteſtant Member,
Muſt ſit and Debate,
Of matters of State,
To ſet all things right in *September.*

October. X.
This Seaſon was ſpent,
By *Burton* and *Brent*,
To manage each Corporation;
And therefore 'tis fit,
The Houſes ſhould ſit,
To Vote it a Combination.

November. XI.
Above all the reſt,
Will be in requeſt,

The

The Auſpicious Month of *November*;
When *Orange* our Cauſe,
Reſtored with the Laws,,
Recorded by every Member.

December. XII.

Tho this be the laſt,
And all danger paſt,
Yet are we reſolv'd every Member,
Both Common and Peer,
To Sit all the Year,
From *January to December.*

EPILOGUE.

I.

YOU Gypſies of *Rome*,
That hence are withdrawn,
In the Name of the State, we beſeech you,
To the dozen before,
Find out a Month more,
And we'll ſit out that month to oblige you.

II.

You ſee ne're a cloſe
Does favour your Cauſe,
Since *England*'s ſo well protected:
When there's no more Moon,
You may Sit on this Throne;
For ſooner you cannot expect it.

A New SONG:

To the Tune of, *Lilli-burlero.*

I.

OUR History reckons some Kings of great fame
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Transub,
But none before this who deserved the Name
Of *Jemmy Mack Nero, Jemmy Transub;*
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Nimy Mack Nero, &c.

II.

He pick'd up a parcel of Fools and Knaves,
Nimy Mack, &c.
And made them all Judges to make us all Slaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

Then

III.

Then for the Church he ſolemnly ſwore,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He took as much care as his Brother before,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IV.

To *D—m* the dapper, and *C——r* the tall,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He added *Tom W——ſon* and *Timothy H—ll*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

V.

Yet for all this the Heretick Clowns,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Have ſet out a Fleet to ride in the *Downs*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VI.

And General *Schomberg* fierce as a Bear,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is coming a Board, let him come if he dare,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VII.

For now our brave K. has fitted his Arms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And all our *Dear Joys* are Landing in Swarms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VIII.

What though the *Dutch* are ſo Impudent grown,
Ninny Mack, &c.
To ſwear the K—s Son is none of his own,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IX.

What need they make ſuch a deal ado,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is not our K. a Ch——g too,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

X.

As long as he bought him with his *French* Pence,
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Tranſub,
For matter of getting the Pope will Diſpence,
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Tranſub,
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.

THE SECOND PART OF *Lill---li burlero Bullen a-la.*

I.

BY Creiſt my dear *Moriſh* vat makes de ſho'ſhad
Lill—li burlero bullen a-la.
The Herritticks Jear us and mauke me Mad,
Lill——li burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la.

II.

Pox take me dear *Tague* but I am in a rage,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Poo' what Impidence is in diſh Age?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

III.

Vat if *Duſh* ſhou'd come as dey hope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,

To

To up hang us for all de Diſpence of de Pope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

IV.

Dey ſhay dat *T—l*'s a Friend to de Maſh,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
For which he's a Traitor, a Pimp, and an Aſs,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

V.

Ara' Plague tauke me now I make a Swar,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
I'd to Shent *Tyburn* will mauke a great Prayer,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

VI.

O' I will pray to Shaint *Patricks* Frock,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Or to *Loretto*'s Sacred Smock ;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

VII. Now

VII.

Now a Pox tauke me, what doſt dow tink,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
De *Engliſh* Confuſion to Popery drink.
Lill---li burlero bullen a-la.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

VIII.

And by my Shoul de Maſh Houſe pull down,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
While dey were Swearing de Mayor of de Town,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

IX.

O' Fait and be, I'll mauke de Decree,
Lill---li burlero bullen a-la.
And Swar by de Chancellor's modeſty;
Lill---li burlero bullen a-la.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

X. Dat

X.

Dat I no longer in *Engliſh* will ſtay,
Lill---li burlero bullen a-ala.
For be goad dey will hang us out of de way.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lulla by Baby.*

IN *Rome* there is a moſt fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about,
Becauſe the Birth of the Babe's come out:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.
The Jeſuits ſwear the Midwife told tales,
And ruin'd His Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutſplutter-anails:
Sing lulla, &c.
The Popiſh Crew did all proteſt,
That twenty great men would ſwear at leaſt,
They ſee his *Welſh* Highneſs creep out of his Neſt;
Sing lulla, &c.

The

The Goggle-ey'd Monſter in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he ſwore:
Sing lulla, &c.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wiſe,
Stood peeping between Her Majeſties Thighs;
He look'd through a Glaſs for to ſave his Eyes:
Sing lulla, &c.

Both were ſo well ſatisfy'd, (cry'd;
They knew the ſweet Babe from a thouſand they
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his Side:
Sing lulla, &c.

Some ſay 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And thoſe that deny it 'tis out of Spight;
But God ſend the Mother came honeſtly by't:
Sing lulla, &c.

Some Prieſt, they ſay, crept nigh her Honour,
And ſprinkled ſome good Holy Water upon her:
Which made her conceive of what has undone her.
Sing lulla, &c.

The Papiſts thought themſelves greatly bleſt,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Teſt;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Prieſt:
Sing lulla, &c.

The Prieſts in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For all that ſtay here will be ſure of a Rope:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The

The Chancellour (Jeffries) turn'd Tarpaulin.

TO be a Pris'ner, hated, loath'd, and scorn'd,
With unlamented Plagues, thy fall un-(mourn'd,
Under approaching Torments keeneſt Dread,
And 'midſt a ſhouting Crowd unpitied led,
To meet a ſhameful Death, would ſeem t'atone
All horrid Villanies except thy own:
But they ſo numerous, great and loud appear,
They dull Repentance, as they heighten fear.
Curs'd by your King, your Country, and it ſeems
You're Curs'd too by your own Prophetick Dreams:
Curs'd in your Novice Years and Indigence,
When Railing was your Law and Eloquence.
And Curs'd e're ſince for Fraud and Bribery,
Lying, Partiality, and Perjury.
Curs'd by all People proſp'rous and forlorn,
And will be Curs'd by Thouſands yet unborn.
Curs'd by the Juſt and Virtuous, and what's worſe,
You have your Fathers and your Childrens Curſe.

Legions

Legions of Ghoſts you've murder'd will appear,
And whiſper, on the Gallows, in your Ear;
Your byaſs'd Judgment's giv'n againſt the Good,
That you might reek in Money and in Blood.
The Tyrant, when *Perillus* brought his Bull,
Made the Inventor prove the firſt ſad Howl.
Your Whipping ſo (tho late) ſhould well be try'd
(Which you found out) upon your bleeding Hide.
And thus Condemn'd, you'll be rewarded well
With Pill'ry, Carts-Tail, Gibbets, Flames and Hell.
And with your Quarters hurl'd into your Grave,
Let this be wrote, *I was both Fool and Knave,*
To Law and Drink a Scandal and a Slave.

F I N I S.